

THE FAIR PLAY.

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Farm Life.

One of the compensations of a farm not measured by dollars and cents exists in a feeling of independence and security which no one can possess more satisfactorily than a good farmer on a good farm, well stocked and free from debt. No reverse or revolution of affairs can touch him. In the worst of times the world must eat and be clothed, and the farmer feeds and clothes the world. His market can never fail. Therefore, in addition to this, the vast satisfaction of possessing in security something which he can improve and adorn and spend his labor upon. It pays to live and breathe—social pleasure, pay, the attachment of the family people, pleasure derived from the study of books, of men, and of the beauties and mysteries of nature pays; and all these the farmer may enjoy, if he will, in a greater degree than the majority of other men. He may labor harder, and be exposed to heat and cold and rains and storms, but the sleep of the laboring man is sweet to him; he breathes the pure air, and enjoys the easy digestion of his food, which consists of the best and the freshest in the fields, gardens, orchards, yield. He may find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in the stones, and good in everything. In all these he may count his profit, and the farmer who ignores all but the money he can gather at the end of the year, lives but a small portion of his life, and that the worst. It is all that makes the possession of a piece of land a passion inherent in the disposition of a man, although he may not fully recognize it, and it may be latent to him; and it is this which forces the successful man to seek re-creation upon a farm, and the disappointed one to find solace and resources there. Just at this time there are more men than ever looking to a farm as a more certain possession and to farming as a more secure, profitable and more desirable occupation than business promises to be in the near future. Some of the best and most successful farmers are those who have been driven to the farm as a refuge from business reverses, and many such are now daily leaving the cities to find homes in the country. Both for these and those who are "natives and to the manner born," we would point out what seems to us really the most profitable results of a farm life, and that which to us has been productive of more comfort and enjoyment than all the pecuniary results. No one supposes for a moment that farmers can live or enjoy life without at least as fair an equivalent for their labor as others can secure, but it is a great mistake, made by many farmers, that many other industries offer higher compensation for labor than theirs, and they forget that much that they enjoy without cost is absolutely necessary to the comfort of every man, and is purchased dearly by others; the value of this never enters into the calculation of a farmer's profit.—*N. Y. Times*.

Poultry for Farmers.

We fear that farmers are allowing the fancy poultry men to carry off not only the honors, but the profits as well. Farmers seem to think poultry very well for the women, and keep a few to please them; but they do not regard them as part of their farming operations, and worthy of the same attention as they give to their sheep, cattle, and swine. They have not, evidently, examined the economical question with due attention. Suppose we make a little estimate of the comparative capacity for profitable prospectus between sheep and the hen. Farmers have no doubts of the profits of sheep husbandry, and therefore we take the sheep as a standard of comparison. In the first place the farmer expects to make definite provision for sheep; to give them good pasture in summer, good food and shelter in winter, and so studies their wants, and provides for them as a necessity in his farm economy, with confidence in an adequate return. But how does he treat his poultry? Why, he lets them take care of themselves. He makes no provision for them. Sometimes they get an abundance in their lawless foraging expeditions about his premises, and again they get little or nothing for days; yet he speaks of his poultry as worthless, in point of income, when he has made no certain provision for their wants.

If we go into calculation of the profits of poultry, we find, as a starting point, that a good sheep will lay, on an average, from 140 to 150 eggs per year, to each hen. If we estimate the general average at 125 eggs per hen, and the average varies at two cents each, we have \$2.50 as the income, per hen, for eggs; and besides this, the hen will raise at least one brood of chickens—say an average of eight chickens, and should dress, on an average, three pounds, and bring in market, on an average of ten years, in any of our large cities, three shillings each, or \$3.00 for each brood. Suppose it costs \$1.50 to raise each brood, then we have \$1.50 profit, which added to the eggs make \$4.00 as the income from each hen. We know nests are where, on small flocks of thirty or forty hens the average has been more than this, and yet \$1.00 is a fair average for each sheep in respectable flocks; one sheep will eat as much, in value, as six hens.

Poultry have a higher degree of animal heat, and a more rapid pulse than sheep, and thus eat more in proportion to weight; but after making this proper allowance, still six hens can be kept as cheap as one sheep; and it is easy to see, that if you reduce one-half the estimated income from a hen, still, hens are more profitable than sheep. The reason is quite obvious. The flesh of poultry brings nearly double in market that of mutton. As long as the taste of people prizes poultry so much higher than other kinds of flesh, the farmer should find his profit in raising it. All it requires is that the farmer should study the wants of poultry as he does his other stock, and be assiduous in their care, and he will find that nothing on the farm pays him better proportional profit.—*Liver Stock Journal*.

Captain Morton caught a horse thief Saturday night and lodged him in the calaboose. As Officer Hanson went into the room yesterday morning the prisoner begged to be allowed at the open window a few moments, as he was sick. His request was complied with, when he immediately leaped out, the window being in the second story. He has not since been heard from. This act of treachery took Hanson by surprise and the old man says, "that fellow is a darn rascal to fool me that way." Right.—*Dallas Herald*.

For sale by F. Guibord,

Mysterious Blood Shower.

The village of Victory is situated not far from Rochester, New York. A very mysterious event lately happened there. It was a bloody business which seems to have been without a motive so far as facts have developed. A Mr. F. S. Esmond and his wife boarded at the Civil house, and Mr. Esmond, having business at Seneca Falls, went, one day, to attend to it, leaving his wife in her rooms in the hotel. That night Mrs. Esmond alarmed the house with cries of "murder!" The other boarders hurried to her room and found her shrieking and covered with blood. The bed, furniture, her clothing and nearly everything in the room was smeared and bespattered with blood. After a thorough examination it was found that Mrs. Esmond was entirely unharmed. She was not even scratched. The blood was, therefore, not her's. Whose blood it was, and how it came there are questions which at present defy solution. Mrs. Esmond's account of her awakening leaves the whole affair in mystery. She states that she felt something cold on her hand, which awakened her. She found that her hands and clothing were covered with something wet and cold. She struck a light and found it was blood. Then she screamed. Her door was locked. There were blood marks on her door outside, and the bloody print of a man's hand was on the wall near. As soon as the gory exterior of Mrs. Esmond was discovered several doctors and the coroner were summoned, but there was no work for any of them, as the woman was well and whole. Mr. Esmond on returning, thought it was a conspiracy to frighten his wife away from him, and she did immediately leave the hotel and go to her uncle's.

—Ex.

The Mother of the James Boys Departs for her New Home.

Last evening Mrs. Dr. Samuel, of Clay county, started southward with the intention of seeking a home in Texas. A Times reporter met Mrs. Samuels on the Fort Scott train just taking farewell of a number of her old friends and acquaintances who had accompanied her down to the train.

She said she had concluded to take the advice of the Times and leave this section of the country. She did not know where she was going, she wished it known that a letter addressed to Mrs. Z. Samuels, Sherman, Texas would find her. As for her sons, Frank and Jessie, she had nothing to say further than that they were at least a thousand miles away from Kansas City, and were hard at work making an honest living.

The old lady appeared rather dejected, and shed a few tears as she exhibited the stamp of her arm blown off by the detectives in one of their raids. She said: "I hope that I shall at least find rest and peace in the new home I expect to find. I'm very old now, and not the woman I was thirteen years ago, when trouble came upon me and mine with the war. My husband was hung by the Federals, and Jessie, then only fifteen years old, whipped by the same gang until speechless because he could not tell where his brother Frank was. As for my family, here is all there is of it. Dr. Samuel is old and helpless. My little boy is unable to make a living yet. He is the next to the boy killed by the detectives at the time when they threw in that hand grenade. Then there is my daughter. She was brought home to do the sewing for the family from school when I lost my arm.

Besides these three helpless members of my family I have an old daddy who has lived with us on the farm over there in Clay county for thirty years. She will never leave us, for she is too old to do for herself, and will not take her freedom. Then I have an old paralyzed negro belonging to the family. I must keep him as long as he lives. And then a little negro child adopted by me, and old Aunty make up my family. There you see, are eight of us all helpless and harmless, and why we must be hunted out of the home we have lived in for over thirty years is more than I can understand."

The old lady was assured that it was better for her to leave this section of the country. She and her family would never have peace while her sons were supposed to pay her visits. And then her presence was doing to her neighbors an injury by bringing outlaws here and raids by the detectives. These things were presented to the old lady in plain language. She said she would, no doubt, find more peace in Texas, but she hated to leave her home in Western Missouri; but she supposed it was all for the best. This notable woman was borne off southward, smiling through a fold of tears, as she bid her relatives and neighbors goodbye.—*Kansas City Times*.

A Man Shot Dead by an Officer—Desperate Assult on a Constable.

Friday evening Deputy Sheriff Woodward, accompanied by Constables Price and Reed, started to the house of John Donovan, in Seaside, East Windsor, for the purpose of arresting him on a charge of cruelty to his wife. Before the officers reached the house they halted for a moment's conversation with Mr. P. L. Beldgett, in front of his house. While standing there Donovan came up and called for his son, who was employed by Mr. Beldgett. Mr. Reed, seeing his man at hand, approached him for the purpose of making the arrest, when Donovan, who was a quarrelsome man and had threatened the officer's life, drew a knife and made a lunge at Mr. Reed, but the officer stumbled and the knife entered instead, the body of Mr. Price. The knife entered on the left side of the bowels, inflicting a wound the exact nature of which has not yet been learned. Immediately upon seeing this, Sheriff Woodward drew a revolver and shot Donovan dead, the ball probably passing through the heart. Great excitement prevails in the vicinity, and there was great curiosity to learn the result of the inquest, a jury for which was speedily impaneled by Justice H. D. Allen.

The jury, after hearing to the report of the coroner, found that Sheriff Woodward from all blame in the premises, on the ground that he and his assistants acted in self-defense. Constable Price is severely wounded, and the hope of his recovery is slight. He is a harness maker, and the father of several children. There was regret expressed over Donovan's death.—*Hartford Times*.

One citizen puts \$10,000 into government bonds; another \$10,000 into a farm or factory. One pays no taxes; the other pays the bond-holder's taxes. One lives on an income earned without labor. The other toils amidst crime and sweat twelve hours daily to earn his own living and pay for that of the monied captain. This is what Republican leaders call "equity in legislation." To enrich the rich and impoverish the poor has been the sole mission of the party.—Ex.